# THE PACIFIC

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## The Glory of the New Year.

From glory unto glory!
Be this our joyous song;
As on the King's own highway,
We bravely march along.
From glory unto glory!
O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of
Another glad New Year.

The fullness of his blessing
Encompasseth our way;
The fullness of his promises
Crowns every brightening day;
The fullness of his glory,
Is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know
The fullness of his love.

And closer yet and closer
The golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord
In pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider
Shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God
That mighty love to know.

O let our adoration
For all that he hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
Be real, and deep, and true:
O even now our hearts shall bow,
And joyful vows renew.

Now onward, ever onward,
From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
Shall from his fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
From glory's foretaste here,
Until his very presence crown
Our happiest New Year.

—Frances R. Havergal.

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## ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE WORK IN OREGON.

A campaign against the saloon was brought to a successful close at Ashland, Oregon, last week, under the leadership of the Rev. J. R. Knodell. Inasmuch as Ashland is a place of nearly 4,000 population this is an especially noteworthy victory. Oregon has an excellent local option law, and the Anti-Saloon forces there are preparing to press the work vigorously under the direction of Dr. Chapman and Mr. Knodell. The law in Oregon is such that the question of saloon or no saloon can be submitted to the entire county, and a majority vote against the saloon outlaw it even in the municipalities. Already several counties have voted the saloon out, and there are splendid prospects for victories in several other counties.

It is thought that vigorous work in Oregon during the next two years will put that state well along toward the front among the states having prohibition of the liquor traffic through local option.

California will miss Mr. Knodell, who goes next week to establish headquarters in Portland, but there will be widespread rejoicing that he goes to a field where there is promise that his earnest, able efforts against this monster iniquity will meet with large success.

## THE ALARM SOUNDED IN THE LIQUOR CAMP.

The well-known brewer, Mr. Adolphus Busch, is quoted as having said a few days ago, while en route to California: "I am in favor of local option. If the people of any community object to saloons they should vote them out." And he added: "The sentiment for prohibition seems to be rolling over the whole South; and even Oklahoma has voted prohibition, which has cost me a million dollars."

The St. Louis Christian Advocate remarks: "The greatest sermon, doubtless, ever preached to Mr. Busch was the San Francisco earthquake, through which he passed during his last visit to California. That awful convulsion of nature seems to have not only touched the purse strings of his liberality into a subscription of one hundred thousand dollars to the relief fund, but broadened his views in regard to the privileges and duties of communities suffering the unspeakable curse of the saloon."

Last week brewers from different sections of the country met in New York in the interests of their business. One of the most prominent said: "I have long known that this business should be regulated, and I anxiously have waited for the time to arrive when the public would be ready to assist in the duty of regulation. From now on I am stripped for action in a new fight. Heretofore it has been a matter of business—of dollars and cents, of fierce competition. From now on I will strive to the utmost of my resources to eliminate the evils that have grown like weeds around the business. . . Hereafter, if the eagle, which is the sign and mark of our house, shall be found in a resort which is not orderly and law-abiding, it must come down, and I will join in any process for the elimination of such a resort."

Evidently the liquor interests are becoming alarmed. Doubtless many are wishing that they had been alarmed a little earlier. Speaking a few days ago concerning the Sunday-closing movement in Chicago, John J. Healy, the state-attorney, said:

"The law of the state is clear beyond a question. In the 'red light' districts, where the saloons are adjuncts to disorderly houses, more harm is done than all our courts can overcome. I am not discussing this from a religious point of view, for the Sunday-closing movement is no longer a religious movement. It is a moral and practical movement, a question of the proper conduct of city affairs. I told the brewers of the city more than a year ago: 'You are breeding a condition of affairs in Chicago that eventually will wipe you out of business. You have gone to extremes. You are going to create a condition of revolt that will close many of your saloons now doing business.' And that is the situation they have brought on today. We thought that the $1,000 license would help settle the question of the disreputable saloon. We have prosecuted some 400 or 500 of this class of saloonkeepers. But the best we can get is a $200 fine. The revocation of licnese means that the bartender or the cousin of the proprietor gets out a new one. When a man goes into a saloon at eight p. m. and stays until three a. m. guzzling beer he is in a fit condition to commit crime. They say the saloon is the poor man's club and therefore we should not deprive him of this solace on Sunday. That is a most fallacious argument. The man who works all day usually has a family, and the best place for him is at home getting acquainted with his family and saving his money."

## A FINE SPECIMEN OF CHRISTIAN MANHOOD.

Was the prayer cheered? Or was it Mr. Bryan? Press dispatches announce that the presence of William Jennings Bryan in Guthrie, Oklahoma, recently, led the chaplain of the lower branch of the legislature to pray that he might be the next President of the United States, and that after the prayer the assembled legislators broke into a storm of applause which lasted several minutes. Undoubtedly Mr. Bryan is a much more popular man than he was when he first ran for the Presidency. During the years since then he has commended himself to the people in various ways, and if nominated again his election will be widely regarded as far more probable than it was in previous campaigns. Men who come in contact with Mr. Bryan from time to time are impressed by his evident sincerity, and his ability has long been beyond intelligent question. The Rev. Vernon Stauffer of Angola, Indiana, heard Mr. Bryan speak not long ago in Plymouth Church, New York. He writes:

"Mr. Bryan spoke for an hour on the impressions made upon him by the mission fields in China, Japan

and India. It was in every way the finest apologetic for Christian missions that I have ever heard. I am not a disciple in Mr. Bryan's political school, but for his manhood I have long entertained the very highest respect. Of his oratorical powers I have often heard. I was not prepared, however, for so truly marvelous an address. It was such a speech as must have brought conviction in the most powerful way to every thoughtful man and woman in the vast audience. He took up first the various objections urged against foreign missions. To the objection that we have work enough at home to do he replied in substance: Our nation is one in a family of nations. We have the gospel. Other children in the family groups do not have it, therefore our duty is plain. Upon this point he urged the reaction which will take place upon our own national life through such unselfish service. As when the two travelers among the Alps in Switzerland were quite overcome with the cold. One of them, entirely benumbed, sank down in the snow. The other made a heroic effort, pulled himself close to his friend and began to chafe his limbs, and by the exercise not only saved his friend's life, but his own.

"To the objection that God is too good to let the heathen suffer eternal punishment, he said: 'I do not know what God will do with the heathen in the future world, but I have seen the awful wretchedness of the heathen in this world, and I want to see them have the comfort and the uplifting power of the gospel in this life, regardless of what the future may old for them.' And so Mr. Bryan went on, now showing what the gospel had done for our country, now showing what mission churches and chools and colleges and hospitals were doing for heathen lands, now urging that while all cannot go in person, it is the duty, the privilege of all to help. He told the story of the little girl in Wales who, just before the great revival of three years ago swept over Wales, sat in the prayer meeting, and when all was painful silence, and no one seemed willing to speak, quietly arose and said: 'If no one is willing to speak, I want to say that I love the Lord Jesus with all my heart.' Her simple words, coupled with her brave spirit, were the spark that kindled the great fire.

"When I went away from Plymouth church last Sunday night I said in my inmost heart: God be thanked for William Jennings Bryan! Think of it, the greatest man in his political party, a man held by millions of our fellow citizens as the greatest man in our Republic, making such a simple, courageous, unaffected plea for Christianity and its missionary activities. I take off my hat to him. If in the course of human events he should become, as many fervently predict, the next President of the Republic, I, for one, shall feel confident of his moral sanity, his Christian manhood, his humble reliance upon Jesus Christ."

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## WHAT IS THE OUTLOOK FOR RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM?

Under the foregoing caption the editor of the Sunday School Times writes:

"Perhaps you have heard people say that religious papers are not what they used to be, and that religious journalism is a very different proposition today from what it was twenty years ago. When people talk that way they mean either that religious journalism is decadent, or that there is no longer a great field for it, or both. Are they right? Let us try to base an opinion upon something better than hearsay, and look at certain facts:

Twenty years ago there were 581 religious periodicals in the United States. Five years ago there were 836; three years ago there were 818; last year there were 809; this year there are 804. These figures include quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies. Twenty years ago four of the 581 religious papers had a circulation of 100,000 or over. Today thirty-six of the 804 have an average circulation of 100,000 or over. Of this thirty-six, it is possible to trace, from published reports in N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual, the varying circulations of twenty-six during the last few years. Nine of the twenty-six have a smaller circulation today than they had at one time or another during the last six years; seventeen show their largest circulation today.

"In other words, the total number of religious papers today is almost half as large again as it was twenty years ago. The 100,000 class today is nine times as large as it was twenty years ago. Less than one per cent of the religious papers of twenty years ago circulated 100,000 copies; four and half per cent of the much larger number today have that circulation. And the largest circulation today is seven times as large as the largest of twenty years ago. These facts do not look as though the field of the religious paper had disappeared yet. But the total number of religious papers has been slightly decreasing in the last five years.

"We can set it down that religious papers are not in the business of entertainment, though many legitimate secular papers are. The religious paper can make little appeal to the lighter or the purely secular side of people's interests and sensibilities; in any such attempt it is wholly outclassed by the journalism that finds a chief field there. But it has a clear title to the field of the deepest interests of men and women. And this field will go out of existence when the art of reading and the Kingdom of God are done away with. Not before.

"Are religious papers measuring up to their field? For if they are not, it will be taken away from them, and the great needs of that field will be met by other agencies. The figures of decrease in the total number of religious papers in recent years would seem to show that some papers did not measure up. The decrease in circulation, of certain papers that have survived the sharp struggle, would seem to show that they have not done all that they might do to meet the demands of the religious life of this age. The past few years has been a time of weeding out and a time of discipline; costly but richly profitable in the end, as such experiences always are.

"But there are religious papers that have increased in circulation—which means in the scope of their appeal—during this very period when some were having the opposite experience. What is the reason? Simply this: they have been getting closer and closer to the everyday needs of the religious life of everyday men and women. They have dropped preconceived editorial notions of what people ought to have, and they have sought to discover what people really needed, and how to give it to them in usable shape.

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Lynn, Mass., has a No-License League which is doing wonders in the way of stirring up pure and undefiled temperance sentiment.

## EMPLOYER AND WORKMAN.

W. N. Burr.

It was the Christmas season. The Employer had come down into the lower part of town to call upon one of his workmen, a favorite because of his faithfulness, who had been laid up for several weeks by an accident.

"Jim, has it ever occurred to you that there was definite purpose in the fact that the birth of the Saviour was announced to both humble shepherds and to wise men?"

The two had been talking for half an hour on subjects of interest in their relation as employer and employe, when, after a pause in the conversation, the Employer asked this quite unexpected question.

"Why, yes, sir," replied Jim, hesitatingly; "I've thought a deal about that, sir, but I didn't know you was much interested in such matters."

"Well, Jim, I suppose I have been so full of business that I've never taken time to think much about anything else. That shepherd-and-wise-men story has always seemed to me a little vague, just something for the children at Christmast time; but somehow tonight I've got a new grip on it, or it has taken hold of me with a new grip. It links in with some of the questions of the day, and that lifts it out of the dreamy past, and makes it real and practical. It never meant anything to me before that it was **shepherds** that heard the song. I just took that as part of the story with no special significance. But——"

The Employer hesitated. Jim understood why.

"There's humble shepherds and there's wise men in the world today, sir," said he, "and always has been. I've been thinking a good deal about social problems and class distinctions since I've been laid up here, and I've got some new ideas, too. I've sometimes done a lot of bitter thinking along this same line when I've heard the boys talking about their rights and their wrongs, socially and industrially. And you'll pardon me, sir, if I speak plain, and say that we work people have some considerable reason for feeling that we have wrongs, and that our rights are not always respected. You and I have always got along well together, because you notice a fellow once in a while, and take some little interest in him, especially when he's laid up, as I've been lately. But everybody knows there's a deal of discontent in our ranks, sir, and there's some little reason for it, as I said, because we're human and can **feel.**

But since I've been laid up, sir, I've found there is more of what's called the milk of human kindness in this world than some folks thinks there is; and it's not confined to one class of people, either. It's in among the shepherd class; but I've found, too, that some Wise Men have hearts as well as heads." Jim said this with a laugh. "Professor See knows all about stars, but his head is not always up in the sky, for he's been down here time and again since I've been laid up, and has helped to shorten and to brighten up many an hour that would have been long and dismal if he hadn't come in. And I'm more grateful than you'll ever know for all the attention you and your family have given us since the day I got caught in the machine and came near losing my life. As I said, I've been doing some all-around thinking since I've been shut up here, and I've come to the conclusion that there's a good deal more talk made about class distinctions in this world than there's any need of. There's rights and there's wrongs among all classes, but it's pretty hard for most any of us to see the other fellow's rights and wrongs as plain as one can see his own. And so we don't get hold of things just as they are, but only just as we think they are. Now, the Almighty knew just what a botch folks would make of their living and working together, when some are tempered one way and some another, and he's been working all through time to settle all the difficulties for us; and they might have been settled long ago if all classes and conditions of folks had just let him have his way with them. He sent us a Saviour to save us—I mean to save us all around, from our social and industrial sins, as well as to save our individual souls. And he has been telling us right from the very night that the Saviour was born that there would be peace on earth and good-will among men when all classes, humble shepherds and men of great wisdom, would just stop thinking so much about their differences and get together around the Saviour. They all have interests in him, for he came to open the eyes of one class as well as the other. Jesus Christ doesn't belong just to the humble people; he belongs to both humble shepherd and to wise man. And he doesn't belong just to the wealthy, and the cultured, and the high-born; he belongs to both the wise men and the shepherds. They were **both** told of it when he was born, and they both hurried to Bethlehem to worship him; and if shepherds and wise men had just kept their eyes on him and minded the words he's been speaking to them all these years, instead of getting all tangled up over their differences of one kind and another, we might have had peace on earth and good will among men long ago. But, of course, that ain't human nature, and as long as we let our human nature rule us without much regard for anything better, we'll have to take the consequences of our own foolishness. But I'm beginning to think, sir, that it's up to each one of us who gets hold of this in this way, to give the Saviour his chance, so far as **we** are concerned. If just **one** man gets more of a notion of paying attention to Jesus Christ than to himself as a shepherd, or wise man, or whatever he may be, there's that much less to be done to bring things along towards peace and good-will. It don't make so much difference whether we're shepherds or wise men, as it does whether we let Jesus Christ have his way with us or not. He's king, and we'll all have to to acknowledge it some day, and we'll all be enough sight happier if we let him rule us right now. I'm willing enough to be just a humble shepherd or a grimy workman, if that's my place, and I guess it is; but that don't need to keep me away from Bethlehem! I'll be just a better workman for giving up to Jesus Christ, I'm sure. Same way with—well, we'll call 'em wise men. Jesus Christ will settle all our difficulties, sir, as soon as we'll give up to him and let him."

"I guess you're right, Jim," said the Employer, as he arose and bade the Workman good-night.

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## A LOVING CUP FOR A CHINESE COOK.

[The article under this caption was written by Miss Lurita Stone, a student in Mills College, narrating an event of considerable significance which occurred recently in the college. It is self-explanatory. The article was written as a composition for use in the literary exercises of the college, and was entitled "A Step Towards the Brotherhood of Man." We give it here as a good report of an event well worth reporting in the columns of The Pacific.—Editor.]

Perhaps no greater or more since ovation has ever

been given to one of the Chinese nation, having neither wealth nor rank, than that tendered to Yep Wo at Mills College, California, on November the 18th. Yep Wo has been the faithful cook at the college for over thirty-two years. The occasion for the tribute was his departure on November the 20th for Shanghai, China.

On the evening of the 18th the school was gathered in the great dining-room, for dinner, after the annual basket ball game between the Seminary and College departments. In the midst of the jollity the girls called for Wo, for every member of the school loves the good, old cook. Members of the alumni, when visiting the college, almost always ask to speak to Wo, whose kindness and faithfulness have endeared him in their hearts.

The girls continued to call, but Wo did not appear. Hand-clapping was resorted to, lasting nearly four minutes, but to no effect. Finally Mrs. Mills, the president of the institution, whose birthday was being celebrated, passed through the dining-room. She returned from the kitchen with Wo at her side. The clapping was vigorously renewed, and after three long cheers they sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Wo made his bows to the dining-room and then went with Mrs. Mills into her own private dining-room, where the faculty were seated. Here he was again cheered. After he had made his acknowledgement he retreated as soon as possible to his own domain—the kitchen.

After dinner, when the school had assembled in the chapel for evening prayers, Wo and a few of his countrymen were invited to come in. Wo and the Chinese pastor, Mr. Jee Gam, were given seats on the platform to the right of the president. The school joined in the recitation of the twenty-third Psalm, after which the school hymn, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," was sung.

Mrs. Mills then rose and briefly told of the faithfulness of Wo, how he had served her through good times and times that were not so good. She said that she appreciated the spirit he had shown during the thirty-two years he had been with her, and wished to give him a token of this gratitude. She presented him with a silver loving cup, on one side of which was engraved "To Yep Wo in loving appreciation of thirty years of faithful service," and on the other, "From the faculty and students of Mills College."

Wo spontaneously rose to thank the audience, but Mrs. Mills interrupted him and told him she had still more to say. She placed an envelope in the cup, saying that it contained a check for one hundred dollars from the men who worked on the place. It seemed as though Wo could hardly wait to express his thanks, but the perfect dignity he maintained when Mrs. Mills told him to sit down could not have been equaled by an American.

When Mrs. Mills had concluded, two members of the Seminary Junior class presented him with a bouquet of carnations in a handsome cut-glass vase. This they sent to his wife in China, whom he had not seen for seven years.

With great simplicity Wo arose and said: "I be ver' glad be here. I thank you all ver', ver' much for all these many things I have. I live here lon' lon' time; pretty near thirty-three years. Now I go home Chine, an' maybe never come back. Maybe some time I will. Mrs. Mills she always been ver' good to me and treat me like her own children. She teach me to be Christian and do right. All the men and girls, young ladies, I mean, always been ver' kind to me. I hope Mrs. Mills live man' man' years, and be ver' old, more than hundred years old, and go on do all the good work she do. I thank her ver' much for what she has done for me. I think we ought thank God for all man' things, for house, for good to eat, and everything. I give much thanks all of you."

Every heart was touched by the simplicity and sincerity with which every word rang. It seemed to burst forth from his very heart.

Mr. Keep, the professor of science at the college gave a few remarks. He compared the service of Wo in preparing the food to that which the Psalmist sang of—"Thou preparest a table before me." Both taught the dignity of service.

Professor Keep then led in prayer, followed by Mr Jee Gam in Chinese. After this another hymn was sung and the gathering broke up. Some crowded about Wo afterwards to look at the cup and bid him goodbye.

During the entire time that Wo sat on the platform there was no laughing, for he commanded the respect of all. Everyone present would surely have agreed with a statement made after the gathering had broken up: "True manhood will make itself felt, whether in the person of a cook or in the person of a college president. True manhood will command respect anywhere."

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## IS HUMAN BROTHERHOOD PRACTICABLE?

**By W. D. Mackenzie, D. D.**

Many will think that it is too late in the day to put this question. Some will believe that it is a sign of unfaithfulness to consider it seriously. For we have now nearly two thousand years of Christian history behind us. That history began with the person and work and teaching of Jesus Christ. In him the apostles found one who loved and served all who came to him with any kind of woe in their hearts and any cry for his help on their lips. Nay, more, the same apostles found in the power of the Risen Christ that which unites all men, even of differing races and colors and social standings in a new kind of human fellowship—"where there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all and in all." In the early fires of that new love which Christ brought into the world it seemed as if temporal and racial distinction, the wood, hay, stubble of earthly history had been utterly consumed, as if the gold and silver and jewelry of essential and universal human nature stood forth beautiful and precious as the very Son of Man.

No one doubts, in the light of these things, that although the phrase does not occur in the New Testament, yet "human brotherhood" is a great fact, a great law and a great passion which Christ first brought to light and first awoke in the hearts of men. Nor can it be denied that during the history of the Church of Christ the law has been ardently and abundantly obeyed. There have always been those, whether few or many, obscure or prominent, who have cherished the love of humanity in Christ's name and have put that love fully and nobly into practice. It is true that the Roman Church believed it necessary to segregate those who gave themselves ardently to the religious life from those whose hearts were touched with a cooler flame, or whose eyes had not seen the whole glory of the divine life. Tne former were expected to be brothers and sisters, in the whole meaning and measure of the word, to all human beings; while the latter might still carry on, as a mundane necessity, the arts of government and war, of commerce and culture with their rivalries and hatreds, their selfish greed and their sinister methods. We of the evangelical churches deplore this arbitrary division among believers in Christ. We urge that the moral law, as Christ would have us fulfill it, cannot be measured off into sections, all of which some may obey and only some of which all must obey. The law of love can never be understood or carried into effect unless it is apprehended as a universal principle, addressed to every will, and as a living principle which spurns the petty rules

of dead consciences and works in freedom upon the facts before it. But on the other hand we must acknowledge that we of the evangelical faith have, without saying that any class was exempt from the full demands of the law of Christ, at any rate learned to expect that certain classes will manifest their obedience more openly and more fully. We are disappointed and indignant if we hear of a foreign missionary whose attitude and habits are not those of one who practices the law of universal brotherhood. Hence also we deeply honor and admire those who become teachers and missionaries among the negroes of the South, who cut themselves off from the society of white folks that they may bring the love of Christ to their black brothers and sisters. That is to say, the question, "Is human brotherhood practicable?" must be answered first of all in a strong and triumphant affirmative. And the proof of it lies here, in that since Christ's day there always have been those who applied that principle to their own lives, with unimpeachable sincerity and with uncalculating surrender of self. In our own day they are actually more numerous and not less devoted than at any period in the history of the church.

The question before us can only be discussed in relation to the spirit and conduct of large classes of persons, both in the church and out of it, who have not given themselves to this specialized form of Christian service. And thus the situation is one which must awaken the gravest anxiety in all our minds. Nowhere, perhaps, is this particular aspect of the problem presented with more abruptness or in more perplexing forms than in this country. They feel it in Europe, of course; but there, where social traditions still hold the rule over individual impulses, and where nations are more homogeneous than with us, the matter is not brought home so vividly and insistently to the door of each conscience. Here class distinctions exist against the active and outspoken protest of every class, and here the children of various races are brought, under the spell of our flag and our national life, to face each other with this question: Can we be true and full and real brothers to each other? The New York policeman who said to me that he did not mind much if the Italians "knifed" each other, but he could not stand it when they "knifed" a white man; the young American college man in Chicago who told me that he left a summer hotel where Hebrews had begun to go because he wanted to live among white folk; the laborer on the west coast who told me that he hated to see Japanese laborers on the streets because this is a white man's country, were all speaking bluntly and frankly and rudely the thought that rules millions of hearts in this land today. There are four fundamental grounds on which this division of the people into unbrotherly fragments is established. These are **first,** the outward organization of the church. Forms of church government and of divine worship do create such divisions of sentiment as to stem the natural flow of even that mighty force which we call the love of Christ. And church divisions are sometimes defended, even on the ground that they suit fundamental differences of temperament. **Second,** the organization of society on the basis of material property; and **third,** the organization of society on the basis of intellectual culture. The millionaire and the laborer, the scholar and the boor, what can you find that shall bind these extremes together in any experience that is worthy of being called an active and actual human brotherhood? We call them, indeed, the children of our Father, but they do not live together; we call them citizens of our country, but the high uplands of legislatures and law courts are the scenes of their strife and the witnesses of their hostility. The lower in each class are very apt to regard their superiors with suspicion and envy, and too often carry in their own hearts the unhealed wounds of failure and defeat. The higher in each class regard their inferiors with a feeling either of faint benevolence, which is, perhaps, a minute product of Christian nurture, or of bare toleration for those whom we must always have with us. In the **fourth** place, we have the divisions of sentiment and antagonisms of conduct which are said to be explained and even consecrated by the ancient heathen principle of race prejudice. All nations and almost all individuals have this prejudice in some degree. But there are circumstances in which it lies dormant, as it were, viz., when the members of one race are not brought into daily, direct, personal contact with one another. This is true of the European races while living in Europe itself. When, however, people of divergent languages, religions, customs and colors are by great movements of the wars brought together, the quiescent sin of racial prejudice breaks out into more or less rabid and brutal forms. Such a scene is powerfully described in **Europe** itself by the author of "Ecce Homo," in what is still the greatest English treatise on Christian Ethics. He is describing the moral condition of the Mediterranean peoples at the rise of Christianity, and says:

"A number of nations which had before waged incessant war with one another had been forced into a sort of unity. What court-poets call a golden age had set in. . . Yet, except to court-poets, this age did not seem golden to those who lived in it. On the contrary, they said it was something worse than an iron age; there was no metal from which they could name it. . . If morality depended on laws, or happiness could be measured by comfort, this would have been the most glorious era in the past history of mankind. It was, in fact, one of the meanest and foulest, because a tone or spirit is necessary to morality, and self-respect is needful to happiness.

"The nations were thus forced into a unity for which they were not prepared. . . When they treated a foreigner as a fellow-citizen, the spirits of their fathers seemed to reproach, and they derived but cold comfort from the approval of stoic philosophers. Men did what was right with the feeling that they were doing wrong. The most mortal evil that can befall mankind had befallen them—conscience took the wrong side." (Ecce Homo, Ed. 5, pp. 132-134.)

There are, indeed, great differences, but there are also most striking resemblances between that picture of the pre-Christian Roman world and the situation of America today. Here, too, on a broader continent and in vaster masses peoples of the most heterogeneous kind are living together as one nation. However, achievement is in many respects more brilliant, and the general standard of comfort more nearly approaches a general condition of luxury. The presence of Christianity and the influence of Christian traditions, centuries old, make an enormous difference. And yet that very presence of a divine law and a divine power is making the situation for our modern consciences more painful and the cry of the anguished human heart more bitter. Our generation does not need to sink into open and gross corruption in order to feel that the golden age is not with us, because a real brotherhood is not established. It needs only that having caught from the image of Christ a glimpse of what brotherhood means we should turn upon the divisions, the hatreds, the strifes around us. The contrast must surely produce in our Christian consciousness a shame, a sense of defeat and disaster no less keen and full of pain than that which grossest conditions produced in less enlightened Roman minds.

Here, too, an attempt is being made to create that moral situation in which the Christian conscience shall seem to take the wrong side. For example, what is called the race instinct is appealed to by those who forbid any effort after the exercise of a real brotherhood towards the negro. Would you advocate a mingling of these races in marriage, we are asked? If not, if you would not let your daughter marry a black man, then already we are told you have denied Christ's authority and your boasted brotherhood is a feeble sentiment or a piece of religious hypocrisy. Have done with it, and treat the negro as forever outcast from your true life. Again it is patriotism, that sacred passion, and the last refuge of the scoundrel, which is appealed to when the forcible exclusion of the oriental from our shores is defended. The earnest man is set as it were between two fires. If he, in the name of Christ's law of human brotherhood cry out that the generous doors of America must remain open to all the winds of humanity, and all races be welcomed on equal terms, he is denounced as a man who would sacrifice his country for an unearthly ideal. But if he shouts "Patriotism before humanity; let the yellow man be thrust back," he feels as if the Son of Man were standing "outside the fast-closed door." And the old words come back with a new and crushing force: "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Which fire of a burning conscience do you prefer—the fire which labor unions and national politicians kindle in our bewildered hearts, or the fire of the Divine wrath?

And all this has come upon us because here, too, as in that ancient world, the mingling of races on our shores has forced them "into a unity for which they were not prepared." True it is that we are better prepared than they were; we have been partly prevented from the worst crimes and the most dismal despairs by our Christian inheritance. But the facts which I have already adduced in mere outline, and which our daily experience fills out into a great indictment o f our humanity, are proof that multitudes of consciences have been overtaken by the movements of the races with the lamp unlit and the loin ungirt for the vision of the

Son of Man. The cry has gone out, "Behold the Bridegroom of a unified humanity, the Friend of all the lovers of God's world is at hand," and here we are in a general assembly of the churches wondering if our little flame is quenched. The capitalists and the wage-earners, the cultured and the rude, the Romanist and the Protestant, the black and the white, the American and the Asiatic, they are all in this land and not ready for each other with the greeting of Christ's name upon their lips and his spirit of active love for each other in their hearts.

It is this whole situation that makes many men ask themselves, with a new directness and a fierce force, whether after all human brotherhood is practicable. Are there natural limits which no such ideal can ever abolish? Is this "enthusiasm of humanity," this will to admire and serve the Christ in every man, a poetic mirage which may lure devoted mystics into the desert to rescue a few souls for paradise, but not a living principle for the work-a-day world, not a law which all kinds of men can practice towards all kinds of men? There is a saying of Spinoza that "He who feels contempt for any living thing has faculties which he has never used." Does every man who spurns an oriental or a negro, does every worker or employer, when they despise each other, stifle some faculty within him whose true exercise would admit him to new joys? Or is that saying one more contemptible idol of the philosopher's den? There is a song of Robert Burns with whose phrases we are lal familiar:

"Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Are those ringing words the mere echo of the screaming French Revolution, the wild frenzy of a Scottish enthusiast who had never been asked to plow in the next furrow to a Chinaman or to live in the next cabin to a family of negroes? Or did the poet's eye see straight to the heart of the great human reality which is coming down the centuries, as they come down from the heart of God,—"as come it will for a' that?"

These are the questions which men ask themselves today everywhere. There is a widespread suspicion that human brothrhood is not practicable, and that the sooner we all admit the fact the sooner shall we find the way to the solution of the social and political problems which this vast mingling of the races has thrust upon us.

Now the question before us can only be answered if we know of and concerning whom it is asked. Is it with reference to the individual Christian man, then the answer has already been given in hundreds and thousands of lives that overflowed with a most real and generous and powerful love of humanity. David Livingstone was a brother to every child of Africa, men and women have over and over given themselves to the life service of leper settlements in India and on the islands of the South Seas; and they are living there now, while men ask, "Is human brotherhood practicable?" John Howard and his prison reform, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Martyn (I mix the names deliberately) and countless others in recent times have answered the question with their lives. And in the private walks of life there are multitudes who would never do an injustice or show a discourtesy to any human being, who are willing to help all whom they can help and whose needs are thrust upon their attention. Though they may fulfill the law of an active love, seeking out occasions of benevolence and desiring the task of personal sacrifice daily, yet it is, in view of all the circumstances, a notable and a cheering fact, that they would not willingly transgress that law or deny that love. It is possible, then, for any and every man who owns allegiance to our Lord to go out to practice human brotherhood. Anywhere between the extremes I have named, by the simple avoidance of offense, the simple helping of those who come in his way with kindly words and deeds, or by the complete surrender of his person and career to the love and service of every kind of man in Christ's name, the exercise of a real human brotherhood is possible to every one.

But if you ask now, Is human brotherhood practicable by the masses of men? the answer must indeed be of a very different sort. That depends upon what you mean by the word "practicable." Evidently, if we are thinking of the races as they are and of their conduct tomorrow, or even in this generation, we must answer honestly and bravely, "No! Human brotherhood for men as they are and at this time is not practicable." Is universal human honesty or charity or kindness or sobriety practicable here and now? Do we expect these laws to be obeyed everywhere and by all our citizens this year? On the contrary, we know that without a vast and sweeping change in man's moral nature the corresponding sins must continue to reign over the society in which we live. But where these sins reign there human brotherhood is disowned and the love of Christ is dishonored.

These, then, are the facts before us: First, that there is a considerable number of men and women in the world who are practicing the law of human brotherhood in a full and earnest manner. They are the hope of the race, the harbingers of man's coming springtide, the rare and pure snowflowers which announce that the depth of man's long wintertide, with its hate and greed, with its lust and lying, is beginning slowly and gradually to pass, the noble and high-souled prophets in whose hearts and lives God's great promise may be read that as these so all men in some wondrous day shall be the lovers of their God and the lovers of their kind. Second, that there is a larger class who occupy a middle position, striving humbly to avoid all words or deeds of active hostility to their neighbors, yielding a measure of allegiance to the law of Christ, but for the rest accepting the standards of their generation. Third, there is the great mass who do not hide their prejudices, who are kindly and honorable in spots, but who are unable to free themselves from the sway of greed, of anger, of appetite, and who hate the neighbor of any color or race, but especially those of other colors and classes and races than their own, who interfere with the joy of those passions.

But let us go back to that word "practicable;" for there is another way of looking at it. We may mean by it, not can all men become a living brotherhood tomorrow, but this leaves us ground for believing that it is God's purpose to create that brotherhood, and do we believe that he can do it? I am aware that some people would omit the name of God from their discussion of the subject. They hope that gradually an ideal state of society will be evolved, founded, as a recent French writer says, "on a national sentiment of respect for human dignity." But I do not find that anywhere an extensive elevation of human morality has ever taken place without the power of religion. And the supreme religion must carry the supreme energy; and that supreme religion must mean faith in the present action upon man's moral history of the will of the living God. Now we of the Christian faith believe with all our hearts that this will of God is working upon men through the name of Jesus Christ. And the answer for us, therefore, to the question, Why do we believe that human brotherhood is practicable? must be this: Because we believe that human nature in all its range of life is plastic material for the hand of God in Christ.

No one doubts that the social conditions, the economical class relations, the educational ideals of our peoples are extremely plastic. Today they change more rapidly than ever before, and that for two reasons: first, because man's conquest and uses of nature are vaster, and second, because man's exercise of personal freedom covers a wider extent of personal conduct than in any other age. We see ample illustration of this in Japan, in France, in Italy, in Russia at this very hour, as well as in the vast and daring experiments which are being made in all directions in this country. The same is true of the ecclesiastical organizations of the Christian world. The most rigid are feeling the immeasurable pressure created by the great changes wrought in the last century upon man's intellectual and physical life. And there are many signs that the wise leaders of all churches must today have keen eyes to discern what these changes mean and how the organization of all the denominations may be adapted to them. All the churches are slowly but surely being reorganized. They are revising their standards, not only of doctrine, but of practice, and those which try to remain as they have been must lose their heritage. And then, the same is true of our conceptions of what is meant by a race, and of the relation of all the races of mankind. Historical science is learning to deride the notion that there is any so-called pure race on the face of the earth. All the great peoples are mixed races. Monsieur Jean Firot, in his work on "Race Prejudices," says that "what Paul Broca said of the inhabitants of France, namely, that they exhibit every known type of Cephalic index, is applicable to all civilized peoples. All those whose

origins have been studied show the same richness of ethnical elements, which, intercrossed, have contributed towards forming their national unities" (Trans., p. 319). Anyone who imagines that this process is at an end has an imagination unillumined by past history and miserably short in its vision of the long future of mankind. Here, too, our human nature is plastic in the hands of time, nay, rather of Him from whom all time flows and whose eternal purpose controls all the means to his own end. And a vista is opened before our eyes which leads to the dazzling splendor of the real golden age, when the brotherhood of man shall be mere phrase of the physiologists, nor a melody of the poets, but a fact seated in the will and flaming in the heart of every man.

Human nature can never again even seek to be in a static condition. It must be ever moving under the imuplses of some great power, some **dunamis,** persistent, irresistible, unhasting and unresting. But what shall this **dunamis** be? The very law of human progress is that the power must work through man's will, through his living conscience and his mighty passions and affections. And if man's freedom and God's grace mean anything, they mean that God's end can only be accomplished through man's acceptance of it. If man accepts forever, as the law of his very being, race prejudice and class hatred and individual greed, this brotherhood must be forever unattained. But if that end is to be achieved it must be because some power, some **dunamis** of God is at work to crush these monsters of our human world. We of the Christian faith, we believe and know that such a power of God is actually in our world. When a man names Jesus Christ with reverence, with trust, with love, he feels active within him the powers of the world to come, the force that moves him towards the great consummation. And what moves is moving all who likewise name that Name. And what moves them is going out from them, a radiation of moral energy which rebukes and chastens the worst characters on earth. Christianity is thus creating a light in which the malice and the falsehood and the vice and the hate of man cannot live. In the presence of the right and the pure and good these things are shamed out of men's hearts by their own consciences.

What then are we to do as practical men and men who in the church of Christ are striving to hasten the full day of the brotherhood of man? If that human brotherhood is impracticable now, what shall we do to hasten its coming? Then these great features in our program about which I believe that the Church of Christ must become absolutely clear and untiringly persistent if it would fulfill its task. The first has reference to public or political situations and actions. There the church must insist on justice. Some would use other words. They would plead first for pity or sympathy or mercy. For me that is too sentimental and soft and weak. Justice is apparently hard and cold and mechanical. But it was a marvelous discovery of the Hebrew prophets when they came to see that the righteousness of Jehovah was the basis and fountain-head of his mercy. And they saw it so clearly that they appealed to his righteousness for their own deliverance from guilt and sin and national disaster. So is it always. Justice when stern, applied over the whole field of public life, to every man of every race and condition in life, will speedily spell itself out in syllables of charity and kindness. It is only safe in dealing with the broad issues of public life to act on great principles and let your feelings alone. Therefore, let justice be demanded by the church for every human being whose feet touch American soil. And let us not be daunted by the argument that justice begins at home, that we must be just to our own race, our own people, our own class, our own family, first. It may be that charity begins at home; but I believe that justice always begins from home. If a man is just to his own family at the cost of another man and his family, he is not a just man. And if a nation is just to its own people at the cost of the honor and rights of another people it is not a just nation.

There is one fact which in the study of the nature of a democracy which always seems to me to be of the utmost significance. Where people live under the authority of a government which they do not appoint the first question which they ask about any law is this: "Has the government really made this a law, and does the government intend to enforce it. That is the first question, and others, if the people are enlightened and spirited enough to go beyond, are yet of secondary importance for the practical conduct of the subject. But you will find that in a fully developed democracy the very first question which men are most apt to ask about any law is, "Is this law a just law?" That is the first instinct of a democratic people. It rises out of their sense of freedom, of power, of responsibility. These great elements of their consciousness have cleared their moral vision and they tend naturally and constantly to insist first on justice between man and man. When such a nation or a part of it are tempted to make and to enforce laws which wrong any class or race within their midst they have first to stifle the cry of wounded justice. They become blatant in sentimental appeals to passion; they become strident about their honor or their material interests, but they do these that the voice of justice may be stilled. It is aginst such a situation that all who call themselves by the name of Christ, the bringer of divine righteousness to men, must continually watch. The democratc instinct for justice between man and man must not go down while free men live under these skies. The church is not able to suggest what ought to be done in the details of legislation and international law. But there is one point at which the nature of any law or any public act most readily appears in its true light. Justice is the clearest, steadiest lantern to carry through the winds and tangled woods of a dark world. It is not easily blown out, it is easily carried everywhere; and everywhere it helps you best to see how things actually are and what roads lead to destruction. Therefore let the church of Christ stand always and in all things for sheer, unmitigated, glorious justice. And, secondly, the men of the Christian faith may well determine that in general social life they shall stand for courtesy. By courtesy I do not mean the mere formal rules that surround the steps of men who approach kings and haunt the palaces of the great. I refer to those daily acts and looks and words that express our respect for the man in every man and the woman in every woman. Here it is that much of the unbrotherliness of men appears. Here are wounds which no law court can avenge and robberies which no official inspector can detect. Here we are moving in that realm of customary law whose enactments are so subtle, so whimsical, so inscrutable in their origin and so swift in their spread through the social mass, whose enforcements are relentless and unerring and oftentimes most cruel. How shall we carry ourselves towards the people who are not of our class, of our set, of our race, between whom and us the viewless walls of prejudice stand, stronger than rocks and often higher than the heavens, where our worship goes? I know of no one word which in this region of conduct will cover more situations, convey more blessings and exercise more power than that ancient and beautiful and suggestive word, "courtesy." But again we must note that in this country the growth of courtesy must almost begin anew. For the country is covered with vast masses of people for whom courtesy meant mere general deference and submission to their superiors and a few sweet ways with one another, in the quieter days of poorer lands. Hence it is both amazing and pathetic to see how such people and their children and children's children carry themselves here. A new consciousness is being created in them as to their citizen relations, duties and privileges. They think first of their privileges and their rights. For these they clutch with eager hands on every side. Hence even on the street they assert themselves noisily, roughly. They push and shout, claiming their privilege and insisting on their rights. They do not mean to be rude. But they are afraid lest an act of courtesy should seem to be the confession of inferiority. They are merely in revolt against past conditions, and are not yet skilled to move easily in the new. But discourtesy of this kind may easily spread, and become allied with deep and stormy passions which we have already discussed. And habitual discourtesy both expresses and breeds suspicion and dislike. It confirms antipathy and becomes a new social law consecrating hatred. I am told that this is one of the roots of difficulty in the South, even in the bearing of foreigners and Northerners towards the negro. This practice of discourtesy on the part of the negro widened the gulf between him and the Southern whites after the war. It is notorious that in India and China the haughty and discourteous bearing of white men, even towards natives of culture and rank, is one of the main roots of bitterness in the hearts of the latter.

Against this evidence of an unbrotherly spirit this cause of unbrotherly relations, the church of Christ in this and other lands may well lift its voice. Habitual and deliberate discourtesy is no feeble foe of Christ. It causes more keen and constant mortification and humiliation, even, than unjust laws of property. It speaks contempt, and that in a language which no rhetoric can equal, with a force which no other weapon can rival. But to be courteous in the very name of Christ, is to draw men together in mutual respect

and confidence. It is the simplest, the easiest, the most natural way of beginning the actual practice of human brotherhood.

The third and last weapon which the church of Christ must use to promote the brotherhood of man is the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. To some men that sounds weak, to others it means hypocrisy. "See," these last will say, "here is the world dying for lack of brotherhood. Classes are divided, nations at war, the world covered with wrong. And then men utter the old weak cry, 'Preach Christ!' They do not mean to promote brotherhood. They are hiding their cold and hollow hearts behind an ancient and dishonored mask." And yet we say it because we know that in the name and cross of Christ the very power of God is still at work among the hearts of men. We, too, are men of flesh and blood and of like passions with our brother men, but we have found this true, and we have staked our lives upon its truth. We have given up, each man his own career, to this one great task. We believe that men are morally transformed when they receive upon their minds and hearts the whole force of the redeeming love of God in Jesus Christ. They become as new men. They must, if the event has been typically real with them, they must love whom Christ loves, and he loves all men. They must seek to save those whom he seeks, and he seeks all men. They must do justice and courtesy to all men towards whom he would do the righteous thing and the gracious thing, and he would do that for all men. If, then, so far as the church can persuade men to come under the whole power of Christ, so far the wondrous dream of a human brotherhood will be brought out of dreamland into man's waking life.

It is in this sense, through these means, and with that end as hope that we must answer our question, "Is human brotherhood practicable?" with a second and strong affirmative. Practicable because God intends it; practicable because Christ died for it; practicable because through a morality renewed by Christ in man, man can make that brotherhood real. But someone will say, when you speak of that brotherhood as an ideal set so high and so far do you not take the heart out of men who would seek with great ardor to realize it now? If they felt it to be within our reach in our own day there would be no limit to the sacrifice. No force could resist their zeal. But who can work with all his soul for something which only distant generations will enjoy? Nay, but let us remember that it is God's great way to set before us infinite ideals. The finite thing you can measure and shape and set before your eyes here and now, complete and finished, is a pity; and when it is there your heart is sick with hunger for the infinite it has lost when this finite was achieved. And let us remember that for the individual the joy of a true brotherhood is always within his reach. According to his faith and his endeavor it is always unto every man. The man who catches even a glimpse of what the brotherhood means tastes in that very moment the bliss of God's love and God's peace. And he who in the midst of all this weltering world of bitter hearts and shattered hopes, lifts a hand to free one slave or speaks a word to purify one darkened soul, or makes one real and costly gift to bless mankind, he must feel in the Holy Spirit of that hour his kinship with God the Father and Christ the Brother of us all.

## I BELIEVE IN GOD.

By Murex.

The first article in the Apostle's Creed begins with this startling declaration. It implies that spiritual things must be apprehended by belief, not by knowledge. Probably most of us have been accustomed to believe in God from our childhood years. Our very coins bear the legend, now so much discussed, "In God we trust." In fact, we are so used to the idea of a supreme being that it is as real to us as the idea of our own existence.

And yet, when we stop to consider the matter, we find that the evidence of God's existence comes to us in the form of a belief, and not as a testimony of our senses. We may be just as positive that there is a God as we are that there are trees and flowers, moon and stars, pleasures and pains; but the proofs which support our confidence are seen to be very different when we compare them one with another.

Most of us also believe that it would be possible for God to demonstrate his existence by signs which would appeal to the senses, should he see fit to do so. He might make the thunder speak words of huma language; he might cause the colors of the rainbow to take the form of letters, and spell out on the arch of the sky a convincing declaration of his existence. The fact that he does not thus proclaim his actual presence is no proof that there is no God. It is only the fool who has said that in his heart. But it does show that God chooses other means than the physical by which to reveal himself to his children. It exalts belief—belief founded upon reason, belief which is good for the health of the soul.

But the article of the creed does not stop with the simple declaration of belief in God. It describes his personality. He is "God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." The geologist, pondering over the stupendous operations shown in the rocks which form the crust of our planet, catches a faint suggestion of what that word "Maker" really means. The massive pile of Mount Shasta, the magnificent valley of Yosemite, the overpowering canyon of the Colorado,—these and objects like these, which have been thousands of years in the making, declare to us something about the mind which conceived them and the power which executed that conception.

Turning to the heavens, the astronomer is confronted with vastly greater works. Instead of a valley on the surface of a planet he sees whole planets themselves, some of them much larger than the one on which we dwell. He examines the sun, vastly greater than all the planets put together, struggling with a heat so terrible that were it puffed for a single hour upon the earth the mountains would all melt like wax, and the oceans would rise in clouds of scalding steam.

Moreover, far away in the depths of awful space, are myriads of suns and systems and constellations, so stupendous that the intellect is baffled when it tries to comprehend their vastness, and the oppressed heart can find relief in but one word—God.

The maker of all these marvels, both in heaven and on earth, is the one in whom we express our belief. To deny that they ever had a maker would be intellectual madness; to assert that we are able otherwise to explain their existence would be absolutely untrue. There is no escape, even if we should wish for it. We must believe; believe that they now exist; believe that an almighty power has been at work upon them for unnumbered ages; believe that that power is guided by infinite intelligence and wisdom. And so, realizing that these works were prepared for the use of feeble and needy children, we come back to that blessed word Father, and with deepest adoration cry out, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

## NOTICE.

As the individual who calls himself Alfred Steele is still soliciting financial assistance from Congregationalists about the bay, representing himself as a member of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento, I wish to state once more that he is not and never has been a member of that church, and the Congregational brethren are warned against him.

HENRY K. BOOTH.

## THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

By H. M. Tenney.

At the annual meeting of the American Board in Cleveland last October, the right of way was given the Laymen's Movement in organizing the financial campaign this year, in all parts of the country. The initial conference in the interest of this plan was held in Chicago December 5th. While intended for representatives of the interior district, the secretary and laymen of the Pacific coast were invited, that they might get the impulse and transmit it to this newer region by the Western Sea.

Fisk hall was never honored by a more earnest or capable body of men, and the three sessions, presided over by Ex-Mayor D. Percy Jones of Minneapolis, were filled with inspiring addresses, notable discussions and practical planning for the great work at hand.

Secretary A. N. Hitchcock, fresh from his year's tour round the world, was invited to give his impressions of the "Opportunity" now thrust upon the people of our churches by the success of the Board.

A new sense of the wonderful readiness of the world for the gospel was born in many a hearer and a deeper obligation to meet the pathetic need of the people that walk in darkness, for the light rested upon our hearts as he finished his appeal.

Under the lead of the chairman, a very informing conference was then conducted, on methods of securing the contributions in the various churches. The consensus of opinion was that some method which secured definite pledges at the beginning of the year, to be distributed in accord with a system of percentages to each cause, was the most efficient.

President Capen in the afternoon session gave an impassioned address upon the needs, the character and the possibilities of the Laymen's Movement. He contrasted the women of the churches who are organized for study and contributions in the nation, the state and the local church; and the young people, who are organizing into volunteer bands under the missionary committees of the Y. P. S. C. E., and into Mission Study Classes, with the men who still are giving (if they give at all), under the impulse of the occasional contribution box, and who are making so little, if any, study of this greatest enterprise in the world, that the majority of them in the church would experience an exceedingly unpleasant half-hour if their wives should follow the injunction of the Apostle and "seek to learn of their husbands at home," about the missionary field and forces they were supposed to support. A pastor preached recently on foreign missions in a small church; the men sitting in the pews on one side were worth at least $75,000, and the offering was eleven cents!

The Laymen's Movement is an attempt by the laymen themselves to correct this lack of organization and of intelligent interest, and to bring this latent force in our churches into activity.

The plan contemplates inter-denominational cooperation. There is inspiration in the movement that is undertaken simultaneously in our sisterhood of churches. At Topeka, Kansas, under the leader of the National Secretary, Mr. J. Campbell White, the men present at an inter-denominational conference voted to increase their gifts from $12,000 to $25,000, and at St. Joseph's, Mo., from $12,000 to $50,000. From a recent conference at Toronto, Canada, the enthusiasm spread at once to the churches and quadrupled their gifts.

The plan proposes as a working basis in our Congregational churches the apportionment suggested by the National Council, of $2,000,000 as a total for our church benevolences this year. Our denominational laymen are asked to organize in each district by the appointment of a special committee for the district, a local committee for each state, a key-man for each church, whose business shall be to organize the men of that church. Men's clubs are to be asked to consider this great theme of evangelizing the world, as appropriate for their consideration and action. The men at Chicago took steps at once to secure a mailing list of the men in our denominational churches in all the different states of that district, and the expense in some instances, of an office and mailing clerk were provided for on the spot by individual contributions. They proposed to let the men of the Interior know about the movement and to solicit their subscriptions to the simple pledge proposed. The pledge is as follows:

"Believing it to be the duty of the church of Christ to 'preach the gospel to every creature,' it is my purpose to pray, to give, to study and to work, as God may give me opportunity, that the church of this generation may obey this command."

The Pacific coast is not to be left out of this movement. Plans are being laid for a series of Laymen's conferences up and down the coast early in the year, with a speaker or speakers from our distinguished laymen, who will command the respect of our business men. Some of our laymen are already in line, with eager interest and with splendid annual contributions. If only the rank and file of our men will follow their example according to their ability, the men of the coast will be found not only keeping step, but in the front rank in this new movement to extend the Kingdom of God into all the world.

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## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Hopkins of the First Church of Berkeley on Christmas Sunday wore for the first time in the pulpit the gown which was given him recently. Many of his congregation would be pleased if he were to make use of it every Sunday morning. But some seem to dislike it, and it will be used only occasionally.

The paper at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday will be given by the Rev. N. C. Gause. The following Monday the ministers are invited to meet at the home of the Rev. C. R. Brown in Oakland and to take lunch there. The paper read last Monday by the Rev. George H. DeKay on "The Minister in Business" will be printed in The Pacific soon.

The article by the Rev. Dr. W. D. Mackenzie, president of Hartford Theological Seminary, was given as an address at the National Council in Cleveland. It will be found well worth a careful reading and meditation. The world was created for brotherhood, and the reign of universal brotherhood will come some time. The road to it may be a hard road for humanity to travel, because of the perverseness of human nature, but it will have to be traveled nevertheless. The end will be worth all the cost.

The Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity met last Friday evening at the Key Route Inn

in Oakland. An address was given by Professor Bacon of the University of California on "Pagan and Puritan." And one by the Rev. C. R. Brown on "The Pilgrim Spirit in Modern Life." The Rev. Dr. Hopkins of Berkeley was chosen president of the club at the last annual meeting and Mr. Charles Bufford of San Francisco, who has acted as secretary in a very acceptable manner for several years was continued in that position.

# Among the Churches.

## CALIFORNIA.

**San Francisco, Green Street.**—Services were held last Sunday in the new building now under construction.

**Sunnyvale.**—This church has discharged its indebtedness to the Church Building Society, and has made a contribution in addition.

**San Francisco.**—The Swedish Congregational Church contemplates withdrawal from Congregational fellowship to enter the Swedish Evangelical Missionary Association of California.

**North Berkeley.**—The frame of the new building intended for a parsonage was up early this week, and it is probably enclosed at this writing. It is located across the street from the church.

**Burlingame.**—This promising new church of fifty-eight members has not yet secured a pastor. The Rev. E. H. Hadlock did not accept the call that was given him. The work is yet in charge of the Rev. John Kimball of San Mateo.

**Avalon.**—A sale was held December 7th, under the direction of the Girls' Guild, and netted over $60. The decorations were palms, chrysanthemums and holly. The pastor, after a few weeks' sickness, returns to his work between Christmas and the New Year.

**San Francisco, Mission.**—The Mission Congregational Church (Third and Olivet) held a business meeting last week for the election of officers. Much interest and enthusiasm were manifested. The Rev. Ben F. Sargent was unanimously invited to continue as pastor. Mr. Sargent finds it impossible, however, to do so, a different climate and a less arduous work being necessary, for a few months, at least.

**Tulare.**—Last Sunday, December 22, was a day of delight with this church. The weather was perfect. The congregations were large. The Christmas services with especial music, both morning and evening, were inspiring. And the pastor's messages concerning "The Consecration of the Gifts of the Wise Men," presented in sermon form in the morning and in story form in the evening, were given an attentive hearing. It was an auspicious opening of the new pastorate—the Rev. W. N. Burr's first Sunday with this people.

**Ontario.**—The Men's Congregational Club gave a Plymouth banquet to which nearly sixty men sat down. It was a very successful affair and awakened much interest and enthusiasm in the church on the part of the men. The men of the church are fitting up a reading and game room in the parish house for the young men of the town. In union with the other churches of the community Bethel Church will engage in revival meetings following the Week of Prayer. The services will be conducted by the local pastors. Rev. Charles H. Seccombe is pastor.

**Pomona.**—Pilgrim Church has ended another successful year. The report of the treasurer shows total receipts to the amount of $7,574.39. The benevolences were $3,259.83. There was a balance in the treasury at the close of the year of $634.55. The church has increased in membership and has widened its influence. The Woman's Missionary Union reported an average attendance of forty-eight at its meetings during the year. The Woman's Working Chapter reported $700 raised, and $418.21 in its treasury. Of this amount $400 have been set aside as a nucleus for a fund for furnishing the new church building, which may be erected ere long. There is some talk of building on the north side of the railroad. The Rev. George E. Soper is pastor at Pomona. The membership is over 500 now.

**Eureka.**—The Eureka Church is slowly plodding on, carrying a heavy load. The Unitarian split of two years ago left us in a weakened condition, especially financially. During the past year several of our most faithful members have moved from the city, and this has enhanced our weakness. Financially we are barely holding our own; but in every other respect the church is better today than any time within the past two years. We have given this year to all seven benevolent societies, and we have given more than last year. More people attend this church on a Sunday than any other Protestant church in the city. Many of those people are not now members. But a goodly number come regularly, and it will only be a matter of time until from this number our church will be materially augmented. There is activity in all the departments of the church work and a determination on the part of all that the church shall come into a larger sphere of usefulness and service. The pastor preached his second anniversary sermon December 15th, on "The Open Door." He pointed out the opportunities before the church at this time. He called for volunteer visitors, and one lady offered herself during the service, and at least six more after the service. The plan is to call upon all strangers who attend this church once or twice, to become acquainted with them and if possible try to induce them to make this their church home. The Y. P. S. C. E. is doing splendid work. The meetings are well attended. Ten dollars have been pledged to state work and ten to county work, and thirty dollars for the Mt. Silinda Mission in Africa. Services are conducted once a month in the County Hospital. The Juniors are studying missions by taking trips into the various countries of Asia and Africa. They enjoy this method very much, and are incidentally becoming very much interested in those peoples. They are raising money for Miss Brown's Kindergarten work in China. The Missionary Society, though less than a year old, is doing splendid work. The meetings are well attended and the interest is increasing. We are beginning to believe that Christianity and missions are inseparable. The heating capacity of the church has lately been increased. A new electric motor to pump the organ has been installed and a

considerable expense has been incurred in fixing up the roof of the house. The Sacred Cantata—'The Miracles of Christ"—(T. M. Patterson) was given in the auditorium of the church Tuesday evening, December 3rd, under the direction of our organist, Sydney Talbot. It was very well received, and upon request was repeated Sunday evening, December 15th. The church was packed. The Sunday-school has sent a lot of toys, etc., to Miss Brown's school at Foochow, China. Mr. Lord, the superintendent, is anxious to teach the children that the Christmas time they ought to give as well as receive. The pastor has just organized an adult Bible class. The trustees of the church have been instructed to buy the property adjoining the church to the south for a parsonage.

## WASHINGTON.

### Comment.

**(Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Seattle, Correspondent.)**

The features of our news from this state in this and several other issues seem to be new buildings and the growth of towns, and we hope to present more news of the same kind frequently. The most casual observer of our work in this state will see its wonderful quickening and its very bright future. The many railroad enterprises under way and the irrigation districts opening up promise a mighty transformation of the state. New territory will be opened to the rancher, irrigationist, logger and miner, and towns will spring up with marvelous rapidity. All this spells **opportunity.** Shall we measure up to it as Congregationalists? Heretofore good generalship has been shown by the Home Missionary Society, especially of recent years under Mr. Scudder, our genial andl efficient superintendent. The story of our Home Missionary year will soon be told, but this much can be said now: we have the eyes to see the openings and we can get the men to occupy them; it rests with the laity whether they shall be occupied. If the laity will not rally to the work there will be whole lines of railroad without a single Congregational church along their length. Plans are being laid now for a Laymen's Missionary Movement among the churches of Seattle, and on January 8th a gathering of representative business men will meet at Plymouth Church to perfect plans for a larger gathering that may become a permanent organization. It would be a good thing if wherever our churches were near enough together a similar movement might be started.

**Priest River, Idaho.**—This is a town of 300 people. We have a pretty and adequate church building and the people are anxious for services. Arrangements have been made to hold special meetings, and it is hoped that a pastor will soon be found to carry on the work.

**Colville.**—Rev. George H. Wilbur has been called to Park Church, San Francisco, but it is hoped that he will remain here where he has the work so well in hand and build the $10,000 church which is talked of and needed. Colville is our strongest church in Stevens county.

**Kennewick.**—The work here has prospered under the leadership of Pastor Singleton; new lots have been bought and paid for, about $700 have been pledged toward $1,200 for a new building which the people expect to commence about the first of the year. Unfortunately Mr. Singleton is compelled, on account of his wife's health, to leave the state. Dr. Greene, who has aided in raising the funds for building will be able to look after the field until a successor has been found.

**Leavenworth.**—Evangelist Reid has just finished a week's services here. The church was much helped. There have been a number of additions and the church is growing in strength. The congregations are good and under the guidance of Mr. Bloomquist. The church is building up quickly.

**Grace and Maltby.**—A provisional organization was effected at Grace Dec. 1st. Superintendent Scudder preached to a good audience. Maltby, which is yoked with Grace, dedicated a house of worship December 1st, Superintendent Scudder preaching the sermon and Dr. Greene of the S. S. & P. S. offering the prayer of dedication and taking other parts in the service. The house was filled. Mr. W. W. Head has been in charge and under him the work has been more successful than ever before. Mrs. Head acts as Sunday-school superintendent.

**Newport.**—Our flourishing church in this growing center has about completed a $7,000 edifice of concrete blocks. The financial flurry caused a little embarrassment, but arrangements have been made so that there will be no delay; the work will be pushed to completion. Rev. H. R. Livingston is doing excellent work and the outlook is cheering. This will probably be one of the leading cities in Northern Idaho. It is far enough from Spokane to become important and near enough to share in the great prosperity of the "Inland Empire."

**Elk.**—A church is being erected here at a cost of $3,000. There will be social rooms as well as a fine auditorium. As soon as the church is built these courageous people will start to erect a parsonage. At West Branch, four miles away, a building will be put up in the spring; at Chatteroy an edifice is nearly finished, and Milan has an acre of ground, and plans are prepared for a building there. These fields are in a beautiful and rich valley in Stevens county, tributary to Spokane. Paster Anderson is a busy man and well deserves the encouragement of his successes in building up these congregations and churches.

**Bellingham.**—The work here is in most excellent shape. Rev. William Orr Wark has nearly completed four years of service here and the church has shown remarkable gains. During these four years the debt has been paid (except $500 due the C. C. B. S.)—$6,000 and no extra appeal! This year shows the largest amount ever raised for benevolences; the amount asked for by the directors of the Home Missionary Society was exceeded, making $210 for this work. The year will show, also, the largest number of accessions, and the most effective measures have been taken to meet the needs of the community. After the annual meeting it is hoped we can furnish further details.

**Washtucna.**—Here for a year the work has been kept up only by the faithfulness of a few, but the future looks bright. The Home Missionary Society bought a tent to be loaned to new fields, where it could be used, and it started its mission of good at Washtucna, but on Hallowe'en the toughs of the town tore it

down. A hall has since been secured on the business street. Mr. Blalock comes as pastor from the Free Baptist Church, and has won the confidence and co-operation of the citizens, and they are rallying for our cause with good audiences and support. Plans are already on foot to put up as soon as possible a building to cost not less than $3,000, with basement for reading room and such other institutional features as seem to be helpful in that community. This is a town that has recently taken on new life and is forging to the front. The Union Pacific is invading Northern Pacific territory through Washtucna as a gateway to the vast wheat fields of this region, and one of the largest government irrigation works will soon, it is hoped, be under way and make this eventually a thickly settled region.

### DEATHS.

Of apoplexy, in Seattle, Wash., December 6, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C. T. Cooke, Mrs. Maria A. Harris, widow of Rev. J. W. Harris, a former pastor of several Congregational churches in Wisconsin and Oregon. Mrs. Harris was born at Oneida Lake, N. Y., March 21, 1833.

## The Home.

### MY CHOICE FOR YOU.

Could I choose the way for you all through the coming year,
It wouldn't be all sunshine, but just enough to cheer.
You've marked the cloud-capt sunset when one small day was done,
Noted the brilliant beauty in each cloud one by one.
Seen how each held a glowing after the sun was set—
The picture revealed such splendor that we never can forget.
'Twas a far more glorious sunset than the bright, unclouded one
When sunk the sun from sight and then its light was done.

And the way I'd choose for you all through the coming year—
It wouldn't be all sunshine, but just enough to cheer.
I'd have some clouds to be tinted with that wondrous after-hue,
To brilliantly stand illumined against the soul's true blue.
And watching the old year twilight, ere breaketh the new year beams,
I'd have you see those troubles and all that disturbed your dreams
In the light of a powerful glowing—God's love; have you rest
In the knowledge inspiring—He knows; He sendeth the best.

—Katie F. M. Cleaves.

### BENEFITS FORGOT.

Few of us escape moments in which we are suddenly brought face to face with perplexing conditions involving questions of gratitude. Our feelings are hurt by some friend for whom we have done much. We hurt the feelings of one who has done much for us. And almost invariably the first thought of the injured is: "What! And after all that I have done for them!"

We find it difficult to get away from the sense of what has "been done." And we are not altogether blameworthy in retaining some consciousness of it. For the spirit of gratitude is one without which no soul can arrive at perfection. More than that, a sure and certain way by which perfection may be attained is found in the cultivating it as a habit of the mind, beginning each day with a feeling of thankfulness for those.

And perhaps there is at work in our judgment of so-called ingratitude the instinctive, but misinterpreted consciousness that gratitude ought somehow to exist in every human being, its spirit be part of the very essence of man, since it is gratitude, rightly understood, which makes the true humility of all real greatness of character and accomplishment.

But for all that, I have sometimes thought that an individual is seldom in so much danger as when he or she, missing gratitude, begins to count the benefits bestowed.

When one begins to do that one has begun to retrograde, to hurt one's self, to blur the fine transparence of one's better motives, and to separate one's self and one's acts from the integral parts of one's nature, from the nobler, truer part where the diviner impulses lodge.

To sit down and say even to yourself in secret that the man or woman who has betrayed you, who has been unkind or inappreciative, is one whom you have materially helped; to go over in your own mind even the list of your benefactions is in reality not making your case against the delinquent stronger, but it is dishonoring the motives which controlled you in your action. You are setting up a standard by which to measure your desire to help. You are placing the values on your own acts which you wish to retain in the eyes of your friends. You are bringing everything down to a level of bartering for gifts.

If it is for gratitude that we work, we deserve the disappointment ingratitude brings. But none of us will admit that we work from any such desire. We excuse ourselves for the pain or the chagrin that we feel by saying, "I don't expect gratitude, and I do not want it, but I do like to see appreciation and politeness."

We who are offended against as often offend. We do it unthinkingly, and many times because we do not know how our benefactors estimate their acts, or what special value those who are gracious to us place upon their friendliness.

Spontaneous courtesies may be ours; another's courtesies may not be so spontaneous, and that person judges us as ungrateful for gifts or benefits the value of which, when we bestow them, we would altogether ignore. One person, for instance, counts hospitality as nothing out of the ordinary. Another measures it. One person, therefore, will expect no special gratitude for a dinner. Another, who overestimates its worth or who has not the habit of hospitality, is pained at finding no special gratitude for one that has been given.

We measure another's responsiveness, therefore, by the estimate we ourselves have placed on our own acts. Egotism enters into this valuation, for we want to be rightly understood, to have our acts seen as we see them.

We who suffer, then, from ingratitude, have not given from a necessity of the soul, and because we acted as instruments of beneficence, messengers of good tidings. And yet this is the only way to act, the only way to give, if the pain of ingratitude is to be escaped.

Though we must cultivate the spirit of gratitude in ourselves, we must also nurture a spirit which in generosity looks for no gratitude in return, else we ourselves, and not another, degrade and misinterpret our own best impulses.—Harper's Bazar.

# Young People.

## How Bennie Applied the Golden Text.

The light of an early winter morning was struggling in through the windows of the Weaver farm house. Life there had not waited for the coming of the tardy sun, for the family were just sitting down to breakfast. There were only Mr. Weaver, Aunt Rachael who had been housekeeper since the death of the mistress, nine years before, and Joel Smith, the boy who was working for Mr. Weaver. Grace over the meal fairly under way, Joel said hesitatingly:

"Pa wanted me to ask you, Mr. Weaver, if you'd let him have six bushels of wheat for a grist and wait on him till he gits his pension, the first of March?"

"Is your father out of wheat?"

"Yes, he had to sell it when—"

"Had to sell it when he knew his family must have bread. And he raised nigh on to 200 bushels. No, I can't let him have it. It is not my way to encourage shiftlessness."

Joel's rough face flushed red. He bent over his plate without a word. The silence was broken after a little time by the opening of the door that stood ajar into the sleeping-room occupied by Mr. Weaver and his only child.

"Hello, Bennie," the father said, a smile lighting up his grim face. "What called you up so early?"

Bennie Weaver's parents had married ten years before his birth. The mother's life had gone out with the coming of the child. So there had been only the father and Aunt Rachel to care for Bennie. He was a bright-faced child, with frank, blue eyes and chestnut hair that curled in tiny rings around his open brow. "Just as Mary's used to," the father often thought with a sigh. In response to his father's question, Bennie replied gravely, hurrying to the sink to bathe his face:

"I heard you folks talking, and I thought of something you had forgot."

"That's the kind of a boy to have," the farmer said heartily. "What is it?"

"I'll tell you when I get to the table," Bennie replied, his face muffled in the folds of the big crash towel.

Aunt Rachel hastened to bring from the griddle a cake baked brown, as Bennie liked them. Mr. Weaver selected a bit of choice ham for his son's plate, and Joel pushed the syrup cup within reach of the little boy's hand.

"It's the golden text for next Sunday," the shrill, childish voice went on, while the bright eyes smiled thanks for each favor. "Now, papa, I just believe you didn't learn it last night, or else you've forgot it. You know Miss Handy says if we learn it the Sunday night before, we have the week to live it in."

Mr. Weaver nodded approval.

"Of course you learned it, my boy?"

"Yes. It's 'And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another.' How do you suppose I knew you had forgot it, papa?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Mr. Weaver said reflectively, as he slipped a second cake on Bennie's plate.

"'Cause you thought we hadn't better lend Joel's father the wheat. That wouldn't be kind, papa, and we must live that golden text."

Bennie always said "we," even when talking to stern Aunt Rachel. And she, like the boy's father, never objected. Joel pushed back his plate and started to rise from the table.

"Don't go just yet, Joel. Papa, Mr. Smith had to sell his wheat to pay the bills for Mrs. Smith's sickness and death. Joel told me so. If it had been us, papa—though I don't remember when mamma died."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Weaver turned his head aside and Joel furtively wiped his eyes.

"How much wheat have you in the granary, papa?"

"Somewhere near three hundred bushels, Joel, you might as well stop this morning on your way to the saw mill and tell your father he can have the wheat. Do you think six bushels will be enough? 'Taint likely a young girl like your sister knows how to be real saving, though I'm sure the poor motherless thing does as well as she can."

"I guess it will be plenty. Mattie, she does fust-rate. I—I'm much ob—"

"Never mind that." Mr. Weaver waved his hand. "It's all right."

Joel hurried out to his work, first giving Bennie a glance of almost adoration. This look was returned by one of frank comradeship as the child said to his father:

"How happy it makes me feel to be kind! Yes, Aunt Rachel, I would like another cake."

"Here's a nice hot one, child. And I put on this glass of plum jell for you."

"Why, Aunt Rachel, you didn't forget. We are living that golden text, all of us."

Late that afternoon Mr. Weaver heard the voices of Bennie and his schoolmates down the road. The farmer had just gone to the barn and stood in the doorway gazing at the western sky, where the sun was painting the clouds with red and golden lights.

"How much the little lad looks like his mother!" he said to himself. "But his ways are just like Mark's. He always took it for granted that you wanted to do the same thing he did. How fond I was of Mark when we were boys! All the brother I've got, and for three years not a word has passed between us. But I'll never forgive his trying to overreach me. Bennie is as fine a boy as there is in all the country," he went on, climbing the ladder that led up to the mow. "Perhaps Mary knows it now. That was her way, too, to live the Bible. How happy she would have been over that little thing I, we I mean, did this morning. Oh, I wonder if it made her happy! Sometimes I was thoughtless and—"

"Papa, papa," called Bennie from below.

"Yes, here I am;" and he descended to find Bennie and a strange child, a girl about the age of his son, below.

"Papa, this is Jennie Carter. She can't come to school any more 'cause her shoes are all worn out. Show 'em to him, Jennie."

Jennie, her face crimsoning, timidly put out her foot.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Weaver. "That's bad in all this snow," and notwithstanding his usual grimness, the father's heart beat quickly as he thought of his own child thus exposed to wet and cold.

"We are sorry enough to buy her a new pair, ain't

we, papa? That must be what the text means by being tender-hearted."

"I don't know. Run along, and I'll think about it."

"Think now, papa, please do," and Bennie's blue eyes looked coaxingly into his father's. "Let's give her the money to buy a new pair."

Now Mr. Weaver loved money, but he loved Bennie better, and the quivering of the child's lips settled the matter.

"Here, Jennie," and two silver dollars dropped into the child's hand.

"O papa, that's so nice for you—for us—to do! Come to the house, Jennie, and I'll give you some apples, and then you can go home."

The children ran off, and the farmer turned back to his work.

"I don't know, Hiram Weaver, but you are a little bit foolish," he muttered, but a little boy is all I've got, and Mary would have approved."

The next day was stormy. However, the snow had ceased falling when the sun went down. Aunt Rachel had promised to watch with a sick neighbor, so Joel was sent to take her to her destination. She gave Mr. Weaver explicit and rather crabbed directions about the fire and winding the clock, for she included the master of the house in her sweeping assertion that "men air uncertain, no dependin' on 'em."

"It's so nice for us to be alone, papa," Bennie said, drawing his chair close to the sitting-room stove. "I don't mean that I'm tired of Aunt Rachel and Joel. But you see, papa, us really means you and me; we are the family."

"I understand you, my boy." The usually gruff voice was as soft as Bennie's own. "Just you and me."

There was no sound in the room for a moment save the crackling of the fire. Then Bennie laid his hand on his father's knee.

"Now we are here so nice and cosy, papa, it would be a nice time for us to write to Uncle Mark."

"What! What did you say?"

"That we would write to Uncle Mark tonight. Write to him and tell him we forgive him."

"Bennie, you don't know;" Mr. Weaver spoke slowly. "Your uncle did me a great wrong."

"And I'm so glad we can forgive him. That's part of the golden text, and there was some more of the verse that Miss Handy read us 'bout forgiving as God had for Jesus' sake forgiven us. I'll get the pen and ink, papa."

Without another word, Hiram Weaver took his place at the table and wrote the letter, not granting forgiveness, but asking Mark to blot out from his remembrance the bitter words of his elder brother. "I ask it for Mary's sake, for my boy's sake, and for the sake of the Saviour, who died to bring forgiveness to us all," he wrote in conclusion.

Then for an hour Bennie sat upon his father's knee and listened to stories of the boyhood of the two brothers. When the clock struck nine the child went reluctantly to bed.

It was several ours later when Hiram Weaver stood at the bedside of his sleeping boy. Bennie was lying on his side, one hand under his rosy cheek, a smile parting his lips.

"God bless you, my boy," the strong man muttered brokenly. "Mary seems so near tonight. May her blessed influence and that of the Father above help me to live this golden text of Bennie's."—Hope Darling, in New York Observer.

## TEMPLE BUILDING.

### "Let Them Build Me a Sanctuary."

[The following hymn was composed by the Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pacific coast secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society. It can be sung to "Ortonville" or "Manoah." It was published first in the Church Building Quarterly.]

Come, let us build the House of God
Where standeth none today,
That there the children of his love
May meet to praise and pray.

A testimony it shall be
Unto our gracious Lord;
A school of Christ where all may learn
The precepts of his word.

In such a Zion oft 'twill be
A man is born anew;
His fears dispelled, his hopes enlarged,
And Heaven brought to view.

Within these courts both old and young
May consecrate their all;
And each may inspiration gain
To heed the Master's call.

Come, let us then our offerings bring,
Our gifts both great and small;
Come, join with Christ, who man to save
So gladly gave his all.

---

### A CRAFTY OLD THIEF.

There's a crafty old thief, of nuisances chief,
Who goes prowling around day by day.
She subsists on the hours which she slyly devours—
Look out! for she's coming your way.

This crafty old thief may bring you to grief;
She's robbing you more than you think.
If you say, "Wait a minute," she's sure to fit in it
An hour, or more yet, in a wink.

Just say, "By and by that problem I'll try,"
And she comes with her trap slyly set,
To grapple your hours, which by mites she devours,
And not one word of thanks will you get.

When I hear a boy whine, "I haven't had time
To do this hard lesson," I've found
That this crafty old thief, with her well-sharpened teeth
Has always been prowling around.

What! Asking her name? Have you not guessed the same
Ere this from the tale I have told?
This thief of low station is Procrasti-Nation,
A sinner the universe old.

---

Marquis Ito, the resident general of Korea, always condemns the acts of violence on the part of the Japanese in Korea and commends the good conduct of the Koreans. He is not only a statesman, but a great-hearted brother. His selection to manage the affairs of Korea is fortunate for the Oriental world. His policy is broad as the moral base of mankind.

### THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

How did the world come to have a Christmas? God gave it to us. It was his gift. The story is told in the New Testament. There is one great verse which tells us how it came: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Christmas thus began in the heart of God. The world did not ask for it, it was God's own thought. We love because he first loved us. All the love that warms and brightens this old earth was kindled from the one heavenly lamp which was lighted the first Christmas night. The Child that was born that first Christmas night was the Son of God. God so loved the world that he gave his Son.

Think what the problem of Christmas was. The mission of the Christ-Child was to change the sin and sorrow of earth into the holiness and the joy of heaven. Earth was very unlike heaven that night. It was a place of selfishness, of cruelty, of strife, of sin, of wrong, of oppression, of sorrow. Millions of men were slaves. There was depravity that reeked to heaven. Governments were tyrannous. Home meant but little. Here and there a few praying souls thought of God, and a few men and women lived pure and gentle lives. But the world was full of sin. Love—of course there was natural love. Mothers loved their children, friend loved friend. But the great multitudes knew nothing of love, as we now understand the word. Love, Christian love, was born that first Christmas night. Love of God, God's own love, a spark of God's life, came down from heaven to earth when Jesus was born. Christina Rossetti puts it thus:—

"Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

"Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for gift and plea and sign."


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